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NOT THE GLORY OF CAESAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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A GOOD COW.

The following song, descriptive of the points of a celebrated Durham Cow, was chanted amidst great applause at the Burlington Agricultural Society's meeting—English paper.

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat without oil-cake or corn.
Hurrah! hurrah for this beautiful cow!
She's clear in her jaw, and full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin;
She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,
Has a straight and flat back, with never a hump—
Hurrah! hurrah for this beautiful cow!
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eye,
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thigh.
Hurrah! hurrah for this beautiful cow!
She's light in her neck, and small in her tail,
She's fine in her breast, and good at the pail;
She's fine in her bone, and silky in skin—
She's a grazer without, and a butcher's within.
Hurrah! hurrah for this beautiful cow!

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

The Picaresque thus instructs its readers, and the people generally:
"Let the business of every body else alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful. Think twice before you throw away a dollar; remember you will have another to make for it. Find recreation in looking after your business; and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation. Buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits. Look over your books regularly; and if you can find an error of a cent, trace it out. Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench and work harder, but never 'fly the track.' Confront difficulties with undiminished perseverance and they disappear at last. Though you should even fail in the struggle, you will be honored; and be shrunk from the track, and you will be despised. By following these rules, however, you 'need not say fail.' Pay debts promptly, and exact your dues. Keep your word. Take the papers. Advise."

WHO ARE THE GREAT?

It is not improbable that the noblest human beings are to be found in the least favorable conditions of society, among those whose names are never uttered beyond the narrow circle in which they toil and suffer, who have 'but mites' to give away, who perhaps have not even that, but who 'desire to be fed with the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table;' for in this class may be found those who have withstood the severest temptation, who have practised the most arduous duties, who have confided in God under the heaviest trial, who have been most wronged and have forgiven most; and these are the great, the exalted. It matters nothing what the particular duties are to which the individual is called—how minute or obscure in their outward form. Greatness in God's sight, lies, not in the extent of the sphere that is filled, or the effect which is produced, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is chosen, with which trial is borne, and goodness is loved and pursued.
Channing.

HONOR ALL MEN.

As yet charity has done little compared with what it is to do, in establishing the true bond of union between man and man. The old bonds of society still continue in a great degree. They are instinct, interest, force. The true tie, which is mutual respect, calling forth mutual, growing, never failing acts of love, is as yet little known. A new revelation, if I may so speak, remains to be made; or rather the truths of the old revelation in regard to the greatness of human nature, are to be brought out from obscurity and neglect. The soul is to be regarded with religious reverence hitherto unfelt, and the solemn claims of every being to whom the divine principle is imparted are to be established on the ruins of those pernicious principles, both in church and state, which have so long divided mankind into the classes of the abject many and the exalted few.
Channing.

EVIDENCE OF GREATNESS.

The Washington Correspondent of the New York Aurora, (Michael Walsh by name,) says in one of his letters—
"Half the well-dressed humbugs who come here from other places, expect to see the leading men of Congress sit like so many statues, and to hear them speak like so many departed patriot spirits, warning the nation from the deep recesses of a tomb; but when they see the master-minds of the capitol sit, laugh, joke and quiz each other, like other men, they are entirely disappointed. Now all this, to me, is the strongest evidence of greatness. I know what it is to be great, gloomy, playful and philosophical myself! Yes, and all in the space of an hour, sometimes. But then all the rest of the world are not philosophers. The fact of the business is, the greatest men are only great in their happiest moments. If a man was continually brilliant he would set fire to himself—and if his thoughts were continually expanding his head would burst."
The Washington correspondent of the Albany Advertiser, gives a pretty good anecdote of Walsh, the author of the above. Dining recently with the occupant of the White House, in the course of conversation the President remarked to him that his (Walsh's) party seemed to have "repudiated" him, and asked the cause. "They bring a specific charge against me, sir, that I can't get over," replied Walsh. "What's that?" inquired the President. "They charge me with keeping low company!"

COMPARATIVE HEALTH OF CITIES.

The disease which causes the greatest number of deaths in this country, and we presume in most others, is consumption. It is gratifying to learn that from greater skill in the preservation of health, improved habits of living, or modes of clothing, or from some other cause, this disease is becoming comparatively less destructive in its ravages in our principal cities, whether the comparison be made with the number of inhabitants or with the number of deaths from other causes.

In a paper lately published in the New England Quarterly Journal of Medicine and Surgery of this city, drawn up by George Hayward, M. D. the results are given of an investigation of the comparative number of deaths from this disease, for the last thirty years, in the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Tabular statements are given of the whole number of deaths and the deaths by consumption in each city during each period of this period, and the result for each period of 10 years ending with 1840, is given as follows:—

In Boston	Whole No. By Consumption.	In New York	Whole No. By Consumption.	In Philadelphia	Whole No. By Consumption.
1st 10 years, 1741	1,881	1st 10 years, 1741	1,881	1st 10 years, 1741	1,881
2d " 1751	1,237	2d " 1751	2,046	2d " 1751	1,650
3d " 1761	17,496	3d " 1761	2,305	3d " 1761	1,757
For 30 years, 38,616	6,243	For 30 years, 38,616	6,243	For 30 years, 38,616	6,243
1st 10 years, 37,050	6,061	1st 10 years, 37,050	6,061	1st 10 years, 37,050	6,061
2d " 37,582	5,010	2d " 37,582	5,010	2d " 37,582	5,010
3d " 79,553	13,415	3d " 79,553	13,415	3d " 79,553	13,415
For 30 years, 152,465	27,486	For 30 years, 152,465	27,486	For 30 years, 152,465	27,486
1st 10 years, 125,455	27,486	1st 10 years, 125,455	27,486	1st 10 years, 125,455	27,486
2d " 37,114	5,522	2d " 37,114	5,522	2d " 37,114	5,522
3d " 89,900	7,070	3d " 89,900	7,070	3d " 89,900	7,070
For 30 years, 112,596	16,221	For 30 years, 112,596	16,221	For 30 years, 112,596	16,221

Thus it appears, that during the whole period embraced in these tables, Philadelphia has suffered less from consumption than either of the other cities; average number of deaths from this disease for the whole time being as 1 in 7,003 of the whole number; while in Boston they were as 1 in 6,185; in New York as 1 in 5,547. But during the last ten years, Boston has enjoyed the greatest exemption. From 1831 to 1840 inclusive the deaths from consumption were only 1 in 7,587; in Philadelphia 1 in 7,482; and in New York 1 in 5,952.

It will be seen, by examining the bills of mortality of the city of Boston, that there has been a very striking and uniform improvement in the pulmonary consumption since the year 1811. By the United States census of 1840, Boston contained 33,250 inhabitants; in 1830, 43,294; in 1820, 61,392; and in 1810, 93,452. In 1811, when the population had not perceptibly increased at all from the preceding year, as it was a period of great depression in commercial affairs, the whole number of deaths was 742; of which 221 were of consumption; while in 1840, with a population nearly three times as great, and with nearly three times as many deaths, there were only 19 more fatal cases of consumption, the whole number being but 240; not quite 1 in 8 of all the deaths, and not 3 in 1,000 inhabitants.

After some further remarks in reference to the correctness of the inferences from the tabular statements, Dr. Hayward closes his paper with the following judicious observations:—

"It must be evident then, I think, to any one who will examine the subject, that it is impossible to explain the great diminution in the number of deaths by consumption, as reported in the bills of mortality of the city of Boston, without admitting that there is an actual decrease of that disease. To what this decrease may be owing, it is not perhaps easy to determine. It is probably, however, to be referred to a combination of causes, rather than to any single one. These I should say were mainly the great improvements that have taken place in living during the last thirty years; to the increased comforts of life, which are now enjoyed by every class of the community. People are better fed, better clothed, live in more comfortable houses, indulge less in excesses of all kinds and pay more attention to personal cleanliness than they formerly did. They adopt better and more effectual means to protect themselves from the vicissitudes of temperature, and the low rate at which cotton fabrics can be obtained, and the consequent general use of them, have no doubt contributed essentially to this desirable result.

It is well known that a cold moist and variable climate acts not only as a predisposing, but as an exciting cause of consumption; and unless the system is protected by proper food and suitable clothing by day and by night, many of the inhabitants of such a climate will fall victims to pulmonary disease. There is no greater error, I believe, than to suppose that the body can be hardened by exposure to the atmospheric changes without any other aid. It would be as reasonable to imagine that it could acquire the power of resisting any degree of heat or any of the powerful chemical agents as that it could without proper protection withstand the influence of the elements. Our only hope of lessening the mortality from consumption, is by using all possible means of prevention; for it is not pretended by those whose opinion is of any value, that this disease, in a confirmed state, is within the control of remedies. It behooves us then to ascertain, if we can, these means are, and to use them with diligence.

SHORT SENTENCES FROM GOOD THINKERS.—
Music is no other than beauty to the ear, as beauty is music to the eye.
Heroic actions have something divine in them, and attract the favor of heaven.
Books are but men turned inside out, or metamorphosed into letters, against whom, though surviving themselves, the stroke of death cannot prevail.
Pythagoras taught: Reverence thyself, and all men will honor thee.
The innocent and good of all religions shall have no reason to tremble at the second sound of the trumpet.
An Italian proverb says: Mushrooms, well pickled with spices, may do no harm, but can do no good.
The senses are the first traitors to the soul.
Nature has put our race in a common bond of affection, and humanity teaches us to rejoice at the deliverance of the oppressed.

A couple of young people living near the Potomac, having some doubts as to the matrimonial life, the young man being diffident and slow in conversation about the matter, the young lady grew impatient, and to bring the business to a close, demanded a more explicit avowal on the part of her lover, in the following terms:—"Pray if you wish to marry me, I wish to know it, so that I may make preparation." A long pause ensued. At length Frank broke silence, and exclaimed: "No meat, no corn, and fishing almost over. Good lord, Nelly, I can't."

SOUTH AFRICA.

Some of the English periodicals contain very favorable notices of "Moffat's Missionary Labors and Scenes in South Africa." From these accounts we should infer that it is quite a remarkable book. The author was employed among the natives of South Africa for twenty-three years, with remarkable success. From a review of the work in Tait's Magazine, we take the following extracts:

The lovers of Natural History, and juvenile readers, will find much to gratify their tastes in this volume, which abounds in anecdotes of lions, elephants, baboons, hyenas, buffaloes, &c., and of the dangers incurred in numerous encounters with them, while the missionary was travelling through the arid deserts. The perils and adventures of Mr. Moffat among the Red Indians, and the buffaloes and lions of the "Far West," are not nearly so stirring as those of the mission, or the adventures of the author, while in the wilds of Africa, while he was engaged in the chase. And he appears to have handled a rifle quite as bravely and skillfully as a text. One night, when sorely in want of "a collop," he went with two of his company, to watch at a place where wild cattle were likely to come to drink, resolving to shoot whatever first appeared, rather than be, next day, exposed to the burning sun, on an arid plain, in hunting for food. The hunters lay in a hollow place, close by the fountain.

"It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of us. 'What is that?' I asked Bogachu, 'Ririmala,' (he silent.) He said: 'They are lions, they will hear us.' A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visitors were two buffaloes, one immensely large. My wagon-driver, Mose, who also had a gun, seeing them coming directly towards us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff and cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visitors were giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quagga next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed.

The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a waterpool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply."

The thrilling adventures of Mr. Moffat, and other travellers in Africa, throws the facts of our lion-tamers of the theatre into the shade. In another place our hunter relates—

"When I had occasion to hunt, in order to supply the wants of myself and people, a troop of men would follow, and as soon as a rhinoceros or any other animal was shot, a fire was made, and some would be roasting, while the others would be cutting and tearing away at the ponderous carcass, which is soon dissected. During these operations they would exhibit all the gestures of heathenish joy, making an uproar as if a town were on fire. I do not wonder that Mr. Campbell once remarked on a similar occasion, that from their noise and gestures he did not know his travelling companions. Having once shot a rhinoceros, the men surrounded it with roaring congratulation. In vain I shouted that it was not dead: a dozen spears were thrust into it, when up started the animal in a fury, and tearing up the ground with his horn, made every one fly in terror. These animals were very numerous in this part of the country; they are not so numerous, more than four or five being seldom seen together, though I once observed nine following each other to the water. They fear no enemy but man, and are fearless of him when wounded and pursued. The lion flies before them like a cat; the molooh, the largest species, has been known even to kill the elephant, by thrusting the horn into his ribs."

On another occasion, when Moffat was traversing the desert, bound on a distant expedition, he relates—
"Our journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balakas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool, (Kholoke), we listened, on the lonely plain, for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and amid the darkness were unable to trace foot marks to the pool. We lost our weary oxen to drink and graze, but as we were ignorant of the character of the country with which we might have to spend the night, we took a firebrand, and examined the edges of the pool to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many spoors of lions. We immediately collected the oxen, and brought them to the wagon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that either

from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had bro't along cow with them, and though I recoiled at their making her fast, they were so much amusedly replied that she was too weak to leave the wagon and oxen, even if a lion should be sent. We took the supper which was followed by our evening hymn and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my wagon to prepare for the night, when the whole of the oxen started to their feet. A lion had seized the cow only a few steps from their tails, and dragged it to the distance of thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it tearing the animal, and breaking the bones, while its howlings were most pitiful. When these were over, I seized my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the wagon, so as to afford me a degree of light, that I might take aim, the place being busy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands, when the flame went out, and the enraged animal rushed towards them with such swiftness, that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and the lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by examination the following morning. From this surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn bushes with countenances indicative of the utmost terror. It was now the opinion of all that we had better let him alone if he did not molest us.

"Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crouched among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me, by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, I found that the large, round, hairy headed visitors were lions; and retreated on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pool, when, coming to my wagon-driver, to inform him of the danger, I found him looking, with no little alarm, in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions, with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us as we were distrustful of them. They appeared, as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size. We thankfully decamped to the wagon, and sat down to keep alive our scanty fire, while I listened to the lion tearing and devouring his prey. When any of the other hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some paces, with a horrible howl, which made our poor oxen tremble, and produced any thing but agreeable sensations in ourselves. We had reason for alarm, lest any of the six lions we saw, fearless of our small fire, might rush in among us. The two Barolongs were grudging the lion his fire meal, and would now and then break the silence with a deep sigh, and expression of regret that such a vagabond lion should have such a feast on their cow, which they anticipated would have afforded them many a draught of luscious milk. Before the day dawned, having deposited nearly the whole of the carcass in his stomach, he collected the head, backbone, parts of the legs, the paunch which he emptied of its contents, and the two claws, which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcass instead of himself.

"When it was light we examined the spot, and found, from the foot-marks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced by the Barolongs pointing out to me that the foot-marks, that the other lions had not come within thirty yards of the spot, two jackals only had approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments, where the lion had deposited them, while he retired to a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large, hungry lion could eat, but nothing less than a demonstration would have convinced me that it was possible for him to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, & many of the bones, for scarcely a rib was left, and even some of the marrow-bones were broken as if with a hammer.

CONSUMPTION.—It is estimated that 55,000 persons perish annually in Great Britain, from this disease. It is said also to be on the increase, especially among the middle and higher classes of society. The number of victims in this country must be immense, and no wonder when we observe the extent to which the use of corsets is carried, to say nothing of thin shoes and light dresses. A table carefully prepared, showing the number of victims who perish annually at the shrine of fashion, would exhibit a most melancholy chapter of the results of human folly and crime. Intemperance doubtless has its thousands of victims annually; and yet many of those who rail most violently at the improper use of ardent spirits, are quite as regardless of life and health, in the manner in which they distort their figures, and thus provoke disease and death. On looking over the bills of mortality which are published from week to week, we find that while many persons perish off its one or two or three victims, from Monday to Monday, in a city like New York, from 10 to 30 are chronically the victims of consumption. The curse of intemperance has indeed been a prevailing evil of the land; but, thanks to the benign and persuasive influence of philanthropy, it is rapidly disappearing. There are other evils and infirmities which scarcely require less attention. They are more dangerous, because sanctioned by taste and fashion, and not deemed inimical to good morals. Chapter after chapter is written, death after death is recorded, and yet our fashionable promenades are as thronged as ever, with the pale and emaciated, the corseted and thinly clad, who may thus be said to woo consumption and to court death.—Medical Journal.

THE MOORISH BRIDAL.

Tetuan was the theatre of a romance that is so completely illustrative of the state of Moorish society, that I have taken some pains to learn the particulars. The story is well known and widely circulated here, but I fancy has hardly travelled to America.

Soon after the accession of the present Emperor to the throne of Morocco, an officer in command of the fortress here was suspected at Court of plotting against the new Sultan, or of being too rich. Either crime was quite enough to warrant his destruction. As he was rather popular, it was deemed unsafe to spare his life. A messenger from the Sultan stood before him one morning, and politely wishing him a thousand years of life, and assuring him that his prosperity was the delight of the Faithful, and the messenger was less than that before his greatness, he went on to say, the most just and clement Sultan had resolved to dismiss him to Paradise to receive the reward of his good works. "God is great," ejaculated the officer, and, without murmur or remonstrance, he laid aside his pipe, and calmly submitted his neck to the bow-string. In countries where life is under the guardianship of fixed laws, a man regards it as a valuable capital, which he manages at his own discretion, and feels that he has the most direct interest in preserving.

In despotic countries no one thinks his life his own property. He holds it by the capricious uncertain tenure of another's will, and learns not to calculate or value it. The more instinctive fear of death is nearly all he has to contend with, and that their deep undoubting faith half disarms. The officer had been raised from the lower ranks, and the fall of his family was utter—complete. One of his wives fled with her children to a lawless tribe of Berbers near the Spanish fortress of Ceuta; another retired with her son Achmed to a small house close to the city wall, trusting Caled, the successor to her husband and the Basia would forget their existence. She was mistaken in her hopes. Caled Bey declared he had the Sultan's order to convey the sons of the late officer to Fez, where the imperial court was then held. The sanctuary of the harem could not be violated, but a close watch was kept on the widow's dwelling, in order to intercept her son when he left the house. The old lady took such care to spread a report that Achmed had escaped from the city, that it came to be generally credited. In the meantime, the youth pined in the close confinement he was subjected to. He was hardly sixteen, and the restless buoyancy of youth rebelled against being a prisoner. To give him the privilege of enjoying the evening air on the roof, where men dare not appear, and to disguise him more effectually from the reach of his enemy, Caled Bey, his mother dressed him in the costume of a Moorish maiden, and introduced him to her new neighbors as the daughter of a deceased sister. As the widow was known to be unfortunate, she was not excessively troubled with the visits of friends. The house adjoining hers was occupied by an old priest, whose limited household consisted of one wife and one daughter, the youngest of his children, and perhaps a servant or two. With this daughter the pretended niece of the widow formed a close friendship. While the elder ladies enjoyed a pipe and a quiet dish of scandal, the young ones, each with an arm around each other, would walk the terrace and recite the wild legends or wider love songs of the Arab poets. Achmed grew more reconciled to his feminine trappings, at first so irksome, and daily expressed less impatience to join the Berbers, as he originally intended, though he insisted on attending his mother to the fountains when she went for water, and to the 'Field of the Dead' when she went on Friday to water the flowers that grew on her husband's grave. Perhaps he thought the exercise necessary for his health; at any rate, he was sure to meet his pretty neighbor at the fountain and in the sacred ground. He formed some other acquaintances among the fair dames of Tetuan, and everywhere the gay, witty niece of the widow was a welcome visitor.

Well it was for the peace of these ladies in after times that Moorish customs do not allow young girls to go out alone. They asserted, and happily for them, were able to convince their lords, that Achmed never came unattended by his aunt. He had consented to complain of the confinement of the harem, although nearly a year had passed away in the monotonous seclusion. He wore his haigue with such a grace, and was so sprightly and entertaining to his mother's friends, that more than one old lady asked the supposed niece in marriage for her son, and were not a little surprised to find her so averse to matrimony. The good priest next door had hinted to the widow his disposition and ability to add another jewel to his harem, but his overtures were most unaccountably repulsed. As a man never sees his wife's face before the marriage, they have to depend on the opinion of his old lady friends, who are the regular marriage brokers in Moorish countries. These useful personages were not exactly agreed as to the respective superiority of Achmed or the priest's daughter Amuna. Achmed was too tall, certainly, and not quite so soft in language as Amuna; but then in wit and gaiety he equaled Ayesha, the best beloved of the Prophet.

In short the friends were the most celebrated belles of their quarter, and rivals, as it were, in spite of themselves. Yet they were not envious in the least degree. The old priest had caused it to be entrusted to Caled Bey, who had ordered some enquiries to be made touching the personal attractions of the rival beauties, that Amuna would bring a dowry worthy of notice, while the widow's niece would, according to the more usual custom, demand one. Caled Bey wished to appropriate both, and carried out this plan by making overtures to the priest for his daughter, and informing the widow that he wished, or rather commanded, her niece to attend his bride to his mansion as her future companion. The old lady flatly refused to part with her niece, and threatened to appeal to the Basia if the officer persisted in his demand. Amuna, on her part, entreated and implored her father not

to consign her to a man so notorious as Caled Bey unhappily was, for repulsive looks and domestic harshness. The old priest was not so ridiculously indulgent as to refuse a rich son-in-law merely because he had a taste for killing his wives and his daughter detested him, and the marriage went on. The mother of Amuna exchanged presents with the senior wives of Caled; the day, the dowry, and the jewels were fixed upon, and the bride ceased to lament that she might examine her robes in company with her consanguine, the widow's niece. Achmed, too, gave up all opposition to the Caled's order, and submitted so cheerfully to an adoption in that officer's household, that his mother, in sheer disappointment, left the city the morning of the nuptials. Attended by her faithful companion, Amuna was conducted in state to her husband's mansion, where, loaded with gems and embroidery, she received the congratulations of her fair friends. Caled, according to the Moorish customs, paraded through the city with a gallant train on horseback, and at the lucky moment when his bride was lifted over the threshold of his house, amid music, and shouts, and the ringing of fire arms, he turned his face homeward to meet his invited guests at the bridal banquet in the men's apartments.

When the hour approached at which he was to see for the first time the face of his wife, Caled withdrew to the inner apartments. A servant wished to interrupt him to inquire whether he had ordered a horse to remain at the door saddled for instant use. The bridegroom impatiently waved him away, and entered the chamber. Before him, on a wide divan of crimson and gold, trembling through her gorgeous veil, knelt his bride, but neither and between them flashed a gleaming blade in the hands of a stranger youth. It was Achmed, who presented the sharp steel to the bosom of Caled Bey, and commanded his silence. Indignant, yet wonder stricken, he obeyed.

"Swear by Alla and his prophet, by the grave of your mother, and by your hopes of Paradise, that you will neither prevent our escape or pursue us for the rising and setting of two suns, and live—refuse, and die," was the brief alternative offered by the stripling. It was accepted. Amuna hastily threw off the cumbersome trappings of the marriage ceremony, and honestly selecting from her jewels those only which were the gift of her father, passed forth with Achmed amid the astonished household, mounted with him on the fleet charger at the door, and in an hour had left the walls of Tetuan, and the possibility of pursuit far behind. Ten days after, a mountain Arab presented himself at the gate of Tetuan, leading a steed caparisoned in the rich trappings that had graced Caled's bridal day. "Achmed, my friend and guest," said he, as he transferred the bride to a soldier at the gate, "who leave the bride to a soldier at the gate, 'who leave and prosperous Achmed greets Caled Bey, and wishes honor and increase to his house, and may every day be like the one in which they last embraced."

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The London correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce has the following:

"A most extraordinary surgical operation has been performed, the particulars of which will be found detailed in a couple of columns of the London 'Morning Herald' of the 26th ult. Jas. Wombell, 42, a laboring man, had suffered for a period of about five years with a painful affection of the left knee joint. He was admitted into the hospital at Wexham, in Nottinghamshire, and it was decided that amputation should take place above the knee joint, and it was accordingly done while the patient was under the influence of mesmeric sleep! On the 1st of October this wonderful operation was thus performed, as given in the words of the mesmerizer, one Mr. W. Topham, a lawyer of the Middle Temple, London: 'I again mesmerized him in 4 minutes.—In a quarter of an hour I told Mr. W. Squire Wood (the operator) he might commence. I then brought two fingers of each hand gently in contact with Wombell's closed eyelids, and there kept them, still further to deepen the sleep. Mr. Wood, after our earnest look at the man, slowly plunged his knife into the center of the outside of the thigh. The stiffness at this moment was something awful. The calm respiration of the sleeping man alone was heard, for all others seemed suspended. In making the second incision the position of the leg was found to be more inconvenient than it had appeared, and the operator could not proceed with his former facility. Soon after the second incision a moaning was heard from the patient, which continued at intervals until the conclusion. It gave me the idea of a profound dream for his sleep continued as profound as ever. The placed look of his countenance, never changed for an instant; his whole frame rested, uncontrolled, in perfect stillness and repose; not a muscle or nerve was seen to twitch. To the end of the operation, including the sawing of the bone, securing the arteries, and applying the bandages—occupying a period of more than twenty minutes—he lay like a statue. With strong salt volatile and water, he gradually and calmly awoke, and when asked to describe what he felt, thus replied: 'I never knew any thing more (after his being mesmerized,) and never felt any pain at all; I once felt as if I heard a kind of crouching.' 'No pain at all. I never had any; and knew nothing until I was awakened by that strong stuff.' The 'crouching' was the sawing of his own thigh-bone. The first dressing was performed in mesmeric sleep, with similar success, and absence of all pain. This case is so important that I have condensed its principle features, and when I consider the gravity with which the operation was surrounded, the number who were present, the unquestionable rank and respectability of the professional gentlemen, and the utter absence of all affectation, I must candidly admit that scepticism is staggered and that we are no longer in a position to deride or despise the uneducated so extraordinary, important and practical.

In addition to this fact we give the following from the Boston Daily Mail of last week: An Important Fact for Mesmerism.—We learn that a young woman was thrown into the mesmeric state, at the City Hall, in Lowell, on Thursday evening last, by Dr. W. P. Shattuck, and submitted to the operation of extracting a tumor on the shoulder, without manifesting the slightest sensation or suffering the slightest pain. An incision around the tumor, was made to the depth of nearly two inches, and the operation was one, which under ordinary circumstances would have caused acute pain, fainting, &c. On being brought back to the natural state, the lady was entirely free from pain, and was not aware that any operation had been performed. The tumor has been preserved in spirits, and was shown to us yesterday. The experiment was performed under the direct personal examination of Dr. Holbrook, Pillsbury, and Horn of Lowell, and in the presence of a large and respectable audience. A full and scientific report of the case will soon be published. Comment is unnecessary.—Let this fact speak for itself.

THE WILD WOMAN.—It will perhaps be

recalled that about a year and a half ago, the St. Louis papers gave an account of a woman who had been discovered in the woods near that city, almost naked and apparently quite wild. It appears that she had lived in this manner until lately, when the severity of the winter drove her to a human habitation, and there, being much exhausted for want of food and badly frost bitten she expired. Previous to her death she became quite rational, and gave the following account of herself which we condense from the St. Louis Organ.

She was born in New Jersey, whence with her parents she had removed to Cincinnati, where they lived until she grew up to womanhood. A young man whom her father did not like paid her addresses to her and they eloped for St. Louis. At Louisville he persuaded her to take lodgings with him as his wife, promising to go with her to a clergyman and get married in the morning. He left her in the morning to go for a minister and never returned. All day she remained almost distracted with fear for the safety of her lover, whom she could not think had abandoned her, but finally she learned that he had taken a boat going down the river in the morning. The shock to her feelings was so great that she fainted and fell in the street. She was taken up by some kindly disposed person who, as soon as she recovered, paid her passage back to Cincinnati.

Her heart almost failed her as she approached her home. She could see her father's residence as the boat passed along up the river, and it was her intention to go directly home, and throw herself upon the mercy of her father and mother, and tell them how she had been deceived. On approaching the door of the dwelling, there appeared to be an unusual bustle in the house, and on entering it she saw her father lying dead upon the floor.—The old man had heard which way she had gone, and took passage on the unfortunate steamboat Moselle, which blew up at Cincinnati, and being one of the unfortunate sufferers, the body has just been recovered and brought home. As soon as the mother saw her, "there," said she, "there is your murdered father." She ran from the house, but not before her mother's curse was upon her. She says it rang in her ears for many a long day and night as she wandered through the woods.

It was then summer, and at times severe hunger would induce her to go near the habitations of the people, as she wandered along through the country, and at one time she slipped in and took the hoe cake from the fire, while the farmer's wife was gone to the spring—at other times she caught the fowls from the fence, and devoured them raw. How she lived so long, she is unable to tell, but berries, nuts, fruit, and such game as she was enabled to catch, has been her food, and for two winters she lived in an old deserted cabin on the banks of the Missouri. She filled it nearly full of dried leaves in the fall and would creep into them in cold weather.—Somebody burnt down the cabin last fall, with some little stores of nuts and dried fruit she had laid up for winter, since which time she had been sleeping in a large hollow tree. She says, "Her clothing being almost entirely gone, the cold was very severe, and I thought I would come to a house and get them to bury me." How I have suffered no human tongue can tell, but I have made up my mind to die in the wild woods and never again to suffer a human being to speak to me, but my resolution failed, and I am indebted to the kindness of this poor family for what little comfort they could afford me on my death-bed.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

CROWS OBTWITTER.—A premium on Crows' heads, in Connecticut, as well as a cure on the part of a farmer that State to save his corn, by diminishing their number, induced him to place a dead animal near a piece of woodland, where he had erected a suitable brush house, in which to enclose himself within proper shooting distance of the decoy. Flocks of crows visited and feasted upon the animal when the farmer was absent from his retreat; but whenever he was lying in wait for them with his gun, not one would venture to approach it, although with wistful eyes and watery mouths, they beheld their favorite viands from the tops of the neighboring trees. He continued to visit the decoy for several days; and with anxious solicitude, awaited the approach of the wily crows, but no one would venture to dine upon the delicious dead horse while he was there secreted. Discouraged by his want of success, he stated the circumstance to his neighbor, who at once informed him that he could succeed in shooting them, which his discomfited friend had strong doubts about. However they both immediately repaired, with their guns, to the brush house; and after a short time, the neighbor requested him to take his gun with him, and go home, while he remained in the retreat. He set across the field towards his house; and as soon as he was out of shooting distance from the animal, down came the crows to their repast; and the neighbor, firing among them, killed a large number. The farmer, seeing his friend's success, returned to him, observed, "The crows are cunning creatures, but they can't count."